

Oxford Democrat.

No. 8, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, July 2, 1844.

Old Series, No. 18, Vol. 13.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

C. W. ELLIS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms:—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. I.

A Scamper in the Prairie of Jacinto.

CONTINUED.

I was so absorbed in the contemplation of the vegetable giant, that for so short a time I forgot my troubles; but as I rode away from the tree they returned to me in full force, and my reflections were certainly of no very cheering or consolatory nature. I rode on however most perseveringly. The morning slipped away: it was noon, the sun stood high in the cloudless heavens. My hunger now increased to an insupportable degree, and I felt as if something were gnawing within me, something like a crab tugging and raving at my stomach with his sharp claws. This feeling left me after a time, and was replaced by a sort of quivering, a faint sickly sensation. But if hunger was bad, thirst was worse. For some hours I suffered martyrdom. At length, like the hunger, it died away, and was succeeded by a feeling of sickness. The thirty hours' fatigue, and fasting I had endured were beginning to tell upon my nerves, my reasoning powers growing weaker, and my presence of mind leaving me. A feeling of despondency came over me—a thousand wild fancies passed through my bewildered brain; while at times my head grew dizzy, and I reeled on my saddle like a drunken man. Two weak fits, as I may call them, did not last long; and each time I recovered I spurred my mustang onward but it was all in vain—ride as far and fast as I would nothing was visible but a boundless sea of grass.

At length I gave up all hope, except in that God whose almighty hand was so manifest in the beauties of nature around me. I let the bridle fall on my horse's neck, clasped my hands together, and prayed so heartily and fervently. When I had finished my prayer I felt greatly comforted. I seemed to me, that here in the wilderness, which man had not yet polluted, I was nearer to God, and that my petition would assuredly be heard. I gazed cheerfully around, persuaded that I should yet escape from the peril in which I stood. As I did so, with what astonishment and inexpressible delight did I perceive, not ten paces off, the track of a horse!

The effect of this discovery was like an electric shock to me, and drew a cry of joy from my lips that made my mustang start and prick his ears. A sense of delight and gratitude for Heaven came into my eyes, and I could scarcely refrain from leaping off my horse and kissing the welcome signs that gave me assurance of succor. With renewed strength I galloped onward; and had I been a lover flying to rescue his mistress from an Indian war party, could not have displayed more eagerness than I did in following up the trail of an unknown traveler.

Never had I felt so thankful to Providence as at that moment. I uttered thanksgivings as I rode, and contemplated the wonderful evidences of his skill and might, that offered themselves to me on all sides. The aspect of everything seemed changed, and I gazed with renewed admiration at the scenes through which I had passed, and which I had previously been so preoccupied by the danger of my position to notice. The beautiful appearance of the islands struck me particularly as they lay in the distance, seeming to swim in the bright golden light of the noon-day sun like dark spots of foliage in the midst of waving grasses and many-hued flowers of the prairie. Before me lay the eternal flower-carpet with its innumerable asters, tube-roses, and mimosa, that delicate plant which when you approach it, lifts its head, seems to look at you, and then droops and shrinks back in alarm. This I saw it do when I was two or three paces from it, and without my horse's foot having touched it. Its long roots stretch out horizontally in the ground, and the approaching tread of a horse or man is communicated through them to its plant, and produces this singular phenomenon. When the danger is gone, and the earth ceases to vibrate, the mimosa may be seen to raise its head again, but quivering and trembling as though not yet fully recovered from its fears.

I had ridden on for three or four hours, following the track I had so fortunately discovered, when I came upon the trace of a second horse-man, who appeared to have here joined the first traveler. It run in parallel direction to the one I was following.

Had it been possible to increase my joy, this discovery would have done so. I could now entertain no doubts that I had hit upon the way out of this terrible prairie. It struck me as rather singular that two travelers should have met in this immense plain, which so few persons traversed, but that they had done so was certain, for there was the track of the two horses as plain as possible. The trail was fresh, too, and it was evidently not long since the horseman had passed. It might still be possible to overtake them, and in this hope I rode on faster than ever, as fast, at least, as my mustang could carry me through the thick grass and flowers, which in many places were four or five feet high.

During the next three hours I passed over some ten or twelve miles of prairie, but although the trail lay plainly and broadly marked before me, I saw nothing of those who left it. Still I persevered. I must overtake them sooner or later, provided I did not lose the track; and that I was careful not to do, keeping my eyes fixed upon the ground as I rode along, not deviating from the line which the travelers had followed. In this manner the day passed away, and evening approached. I still felt hope and courage; but my physical strength began to give way. The gnawing sensation of hunger increased. I was sick and faint; my limbs became heavy, my blood seemed chilled in my veins, and all my senses appeared to grow duller under the influence of exhaustion, thirst and hunger. My eyesight became misty, my hearing less acute, the bridle felt cold and heavy in my fingers.

Still I rode on. Sooner or later I must find an outlet; the prairie must have an end somewhere. It was one vast prairie; but then there are rivers flowing through it, and if I could reach one of those, I should

not be far from the abodes of men. By following the streams five or six miles up or down, I should be sure to find a plantation. As I was thus reasoning with and encouraging myself, I suddenly perceived the trace of a third horse running parallel to the two which I had been so long following: this was indeed encouragement. It was certain that three travelers, arriving from different points of the prairie, and all going in the same direction, must have some object, must be repairing to some village or clearing, and where or what this was I now became indifferent to me, so long as I once more found myself among my fellow-men. I spurred on my mustang, who was beginning to flag a little in his pace with the fatigue of our long ride.

The sun set behind the high trees of an island that bounded my view westward, and there being little or no twilight in those southerly latitudes, the broad day was almost instantaneously replaced by the darkness of night. I could proceed no further without losing the track of the three horsemen; and as I happened to be close to an island, I fastened my mustang to a branch with the lasso and threw myself on the grass under the trees.

This night, however I had no fancy for tobacco. Neither the cigars nor the delicious temptations of a pipe, tried to sleep, but in vain. Once or twice I began to doze, but was roused again by violent cramps and twitching in all my limbs. There is nothing more horrible than a night passed in the way I passed that night, faint and weak, enduring torture from hunger and thirst, starting after sleep and never finding it. I can only compare the sensation of hunger experienced to that of twenty pairs of pinners tearing at my stomach.

With the first gray light of morning I got up and prepared for departure. It was a long business, however, to get my horse ready. The saddle, which at other times I could throw upon his back with two fingers, now seemed made of lead, and it was as much as I could do to lift it. I had still more difficulty to draw the girths tight; but at last I accomplished this, and scrambling upon my beast, rode off. Luckily my mustang's spirit was pretty well taken out of him by the last two days' work; for if he had been fresh, the smallest spring on one side would have sufficed to throw me out of the saddle. As it was, I sat upon him like an automaton, hanging forward over his neck sometimes grasping the mane, and almost unable to use either rein or spur.

I had ridden on for some hours in this helpless manner, when I came to a place where the three horsemen whose track I was following, had apparently made a halt, and beaten down in a circumference of some fifty or sixty feet, and there was a confusion in the horse tracks as if they had ridden backwards and forward. Fearful of losing the right track, I was looking carefully about me to see in what direction they had recommenced their journey, when I noticed something white among the long grass, I got off my horse to pick it up. It was a piece of paper with my own letter in which I had written as the back of which I had thrown away at my halting place of the preceding night. I looked around, and recognized the island and the very tree under which I had slept, my endeavor to sleep. The horrible truth instantly flashed across me—the horse tracks I had been following were my own: since the preceding morning I had been riding in a circle!

I stood for a few seconds thunderstruck by this discovery, and then sank upon the ground in utter despair. At that moment I should have been thankful to any one who would have knocked me on the head as I lay. All I wished for was to die as speedily as possible.

I remained I know not how long lying in a desponding, half-insensible, state upon the grass. Several hours must have elapsed; for when I got up the sun was low in the western heavens. My head was so weak and wandering, that I could not well explain to myself how it was that I had been thus riding after my own shadow. Yet the thing was clear enough. Without landmarks, and in the monotonous scenery of the prairie, I might have gone on for ever following my horse's track and going back when I thought I was going forward, had it not been for the discovery of the tobacco paper I was, as I subsequently learned, in the Jacinto prairie, one of the most beautiful in Texas, full sixty miles long and broad, but in which the most experienced hunters never risked themselves without a compass. It was little wonder then that I, a mere boy of two and twenty, just escaped from college, should have gone a stray in it.

I now gave myself up for lost, and with the bridle twisted round my hand, and holding on as well as I could by the saddle and mane, I let my horse choose his own road. It would perhaps have been better if I had done this sooner. The beast's instinct would probably have led him to some plantation. When he found himself left to his own guidance, he threw up his head, snuffed the air three or four times, and then turning round set off in a contrary direction to that he was before going, and at such a brisk pace, that it was as much as I could do to keep upon him. Every foot he made me so much pain that I was more than once tempted to let myself fall off his back.

At last night came, and thanks to the lasso which kept my horse in awe, I managed to dismount and secure him. The whole night through I suffered from racking pains in my head, limbs, and body. I felt as if I had been broken on the wheel; not an inch of my whole person but ached and smarted. My hands were grown thin and transparent, my cheeks fallen in, my eyes deep sunk in their sockets. When I touched my face I could feel the change that had taken place and as I did so I caught myself once or twice laughing like a child—I was becoming delirious.

In the morning I could scarcely rise from the ground, so utterly weakened and exhausted was I by my three days' fasting, anxiety and fatigue. I have heard say that a man in good health can live nine days without food. It may be so in a room, or prison; but assuredly not in a Texan prairie. I am quite certain that the fifth day would have seen the last of me.

I should never have been able to mount my mustang, but he had fortunately lain down, so I got into the saddle, and he rose with me and started off of his own accord. As I rode along, the strangest vision seemed to pass before me. I saw the most beautiful cities that a painter's fancy

ever conceived, with towers, cupolas, and columns, of which the summits lost themselves in the clouds; marble basins and fountains of bright sparkling water, rivers flowing with liquid gold and silver, and gardens in which the trees were bowed down with the most magnificent fruits—fruit that I had not strength enough to raise my hand and pluck. My limbs were heavy as lead, my tongue, lips, and gums, dry and parched. I breathed with the greatest difficulty, and within me was a burning sensation, as if I had swallowed hot coals; while my extremities, both hands and feet, did not appear to form a part of myself, but to be instruments of torture affixed to me, and causing me the most intense suffering.

I have a confused recollection of a sort of rushing noise, the nature of which I was unable to determine, so nearly had all consciousness left me; then finding myself among trees, the leaves and boughs of which scratched and beat against my face as I passed through; then of a sudden and rapid descent, with the broad bright surface of a river below me. I clutched at a branch, but my fingers had no strength to retain their grasp: there was a hissing, splashing noise, and the waters closed over my head.

I soon rose, and endeavored to strike out with my arms and legs, but in vain; I was too weak to swim, and again I went down. A thousand lights seemed to dance before my eyes; there was a noise in my brain as if a four-and-twenty pounder had been fired close to my ear. Just then a hard hand was wrung into my neckcloth, and I felt myself dragged out of the water. The next instant my senses left me.

No. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

When I recovered from my state of insensibility, and once more opened my eyes, I was lying on the back of a small but deep river. My horse was grazing quietly a few yards off, and beside me stood a man with folded arms, holding a wicker-covered flask in his hand. This was all I was able to observe; for my state of weakness prevented me from getting up and looking around me.

"Where am I?" I gasped. "Where are you, stranger?" by the Jacinto, and that you are by it, and not in it, is no fault of yours," I reckon. "There was something lovely and restful in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, and in the smiling countenance that accompanied them, that jarred upon my nerves, and inspired me with aversion towards the speaker. I knew that he was my deliverer, that he had saved my life, when my mustang, mad with spring hunger, had thrown me into the water; that, without him, I must inevitably have been drowned, even had the river been less deep than it was; and that it was by his care, and the whiskey he had made me swallow, and of which I still felt the effects, that I had been recovered from the death-like swoon into which I had fallen. But had he done ten times as much for me, I could not have repressed the feeling of repugnance, the inexplicable dislike, with which the young man's face filled me. I turned my head away in order not to see him. There was a silence of some moments' duration.

"Don't seem as if my company was over and above agreeable," said the man. "This is the fourth day since I saw the face of a human being. During that time not a bit nor a drop has passed my tongue." "That's a lie," shouted the man with another strange wild laugh. "You would not have been so long in not taken it, certainly, but it went over your tongue all the same. Where do you come from? The best ain't you?" "Mr. Neal's," answered I.

"See it is the best of all. But what brings you here from Mr. Neal's? It's a good twenty miles to his plantation, right across the prairie. Ain't stole the horse, have you?" "Lost my way—four days—can't nothing."

"Lost my way—four days—can't nothing. I was too weak to talk." "Four days without eatin'," cried the man, with a laugh like sharpening of a saw, "and that in a Texas prairie, and with islands on all sides of you? I'll see how it is. You're a gentleman—do please enough. I was a sort of myself once. You thought our Texas prairie was like the prairie in the States, Ha, ha. And so you didn't know how to help yourself. Did you see no bees in the air no strawberries on the ground?"

"Best Strawberry!" repeated I. "Yes, bees, which live in the hollow trees. Out of twenty there's three that be one full of honey. So you saw no bees, eh? Perhaps you don't know the crellers when you see 'em? I know what strawberries are, and that they don't grow upon the trees."

All this was spoken in the same sneering savage manner as before, with the speaker's head half turned over his shoulder, while his features were distorted into a contemptuous grin. "And if I had seen the bees, how was I to get at the honey without an axe?"

"How did you lose yourself?" "My mustang—ran away."

"Aye, and you after him. You'd have done better to let him run. But what d'ye mean to do now?" "I am weak—sick to death. I wish to get to the nearest house—anywhere where men are."

"Where men are?" repeated the stranger with his scornful smile. "Where men are?" he muttered again, taking a few steps on one side.

I was hardly able to turn my head, but there was something strange in the man's manner that alarmed me, and, making a violent effort, I changed my position sufficiently to get him in sight again. He had a long knife in his right hand, which he clutched in one hand, while he held the forefinger of the other along its edge. I now for the first time got a full view of his face, and the impression it made upon me was anything but favorable. His countenance was the wildest I had ever seen; his bloodshot eyes rolled like balls of fire in their sockets; while his movements and manner were indicative of a violent inward struggle. He did not stand still for three seconds together, but paced backwards and forwards with hurried irregular steps, causing wild glances to run his shoulders, his legs playing all the while with the knife, with the rapid and objectless movements of a maniac.

I felt convinced that I was the cause of the struggle visibly going on within him; that my life or death was what he was thinking of. He walked to and fro in the state I then was, death had no terror for me. The image of my mother, sisters, and father passed before my eyes. I gave one thought to my peaceful happy home, and then looked upwards and prayed.

The man had walked to and fro some distance. I turned myself a little more round, and, as I did so, I caught sight of the same magnificent phenomenon which I had met with on the second day of my wanderings. The colossal oak rose in all its silvery splendor at the distance of a couple of miles. While I was gazing at it, and reflecting on the strange ill luck that had made me pass within so short a distance of the river without finding it, I saw my new acquaintance approach a neighboring cluster of trees, amongst which he disappeared.

After a short time I again perceived him coming towards me with a slow and straggling step. As he drew near, I had an opportunity of examining his whole appearance. He was very tall and lean, but large-boned, and apparently of great strength. His face, which had not been shaved for several weeks, was so stained by sun and weather, that he might have been taken for an Indian, but he had not beard shaved for several weeks. His eyes were what most struck me. There was something so frightfully wild about their expression, a look of terror and desperation, like that of a man whom all the forces of hell were hunting and persecuting. His hair hung in long ragged locks over his forehead, cheeks, and neck, and round his head was bound a headkerchief, on which were several stains of a brownish black color. Spots of the same kind were visible upon his leather jacket, breeches, and moccasins; they were evidently blood stains. His hunting knife, which was nearly two feet long, with a rude wooden handle, was now replaced in his girdle, but in its stead he held a long Kentucky rifle in his hand.

Although I did my utmost to assume an indifferent countenance, my features doubtless expressed something of the repugnance and horror with which the man inspired me. He looked loweringly at me for a moment from under his slanting eyebrows. "You don't seem to like the company you've got into," said he. "Do I look so very desperate then? Is it written so plainly on my face?"

"What should there be written on your face?" "What? What? Fools and children ask them questions." "I will ask you none; but as a Christian, as my countryman, I beseech you."

"Christian!" interrupted he with a hollow laugh. "Countryman!" He struck the butt of his rifle hard upon the ground. "That is my countryman—my only friend!" he continued, as he examined the flint and lock of his weapon. "That releases from all troubles; that's a true friend. Poo! perhaps it'll release you too—put you to rest."

"These last words were uttered aside, and musically. "Put him to rest, as well as—poo! One more or less—perhaps it would drive away that cursed spectre."

All this seemed to be spoken to his rifle! "Will you swear not to betray me?" cried he to me. "Else one touch—"

As he spoke, he brought the gun to his shoulder, the muzzle pointed full at my breast. "I felt no fear. I am sure my pulse did not give a throb the more for this menace. So deadly weak and helpless as I lay, it was unnecessary to shoot me. The slightest blow from the butt of the rifle would have driven the last faint spark of life out of my exhausted body. I looked calmly, indifferently even, into the muzzle of the rifle."

If you can answer it to your God, to your and my judge and creator, do your will. My words, which from faintness I could scarcely render audible, had, nevertheless, a startling effect upon the man. He trembled from head to foot, let the butt of his gun fall heavily to the ground, and gazed at me with open mouth and staring eyes.

"This one too come with his God!" muttered he. "God! and your and my creator—and—judge."

He seemed hardly able to articulate these words, which were uttered in a grasp and effort, as though something had been choking him. "His and my judge," groaned he again. "Can there be a God and a creator and a judge?"

As he stood thus muttering to himself, his eyes suddenly became fixed and his features horribly distorted. "Do it not!" he cried, in a shrill tone of horror, that rang through my head. "It will bring no blessing with it. I am a dead man! God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!"

The rifle fell from his hands, and he shrouded his breast and forehead in a proxy of the wildest fury. It was for Heaven's sake, the conscience-stricken wretch stamping madly about, and casting glances of terror behind him, as though demons had been hunting him down. The foam flew from his mouth and I expected each moment to see him fall to the ground in a fit of epilepsy. Gradually, however, he became more tranquil.

"D'ye see nothing in my face?" said he in a hoarse whisper, suddenly pausing close to where I lay. "What should I see?" "He came yet nearer."

"Look well at me—through me if you can. D'ye see nothing, now?" "I see nothing," replied I.

"Ah! I understand, you can see nothing. Ain't in't sp'yn' humor, I calculate. No, no that you ain't. After four days in a night's sleep, one loses the fancy for many things. I've tried it over two days myself. So, you are weak and faint eh? But I needn't ask that; reckon: You look bad enough. Take another drop of whiskey it'll strengthen you. But wait till I mix it."

As he spoke he stepped down to the edge of the river, and scooping up the water in the hollow of his hand, filled his flask with it. Then returning to me, he poured a little in my mouth.

Even the blood-thirsty Indian appears less of a savage when engaged in a compassionate act, and this wild desperado I had fallen in with, seemed softened and humanized by the service he was rendering me. His voice sounded less harsh; his manner was calmer and milder.

"You wish to go to an inn?" "For Heaven's sake, yes. These four days I have tasted nothing but a bit of tobacco."

"Can you spare a bit of that?" "All I have."

I handed him my cigar case, and the roll of delicious tobacco. He snatched the latter from me, and bit into it with the furious eagerness of a wolf. Better keep away."

"Ah the right sort this!" muttered he to himself. "Ah, young man, or old man—you're an old man, ain't you. How old are you?"

"Two-and-twenty."

"He shook his head doubtfully. "Can hardly believe that. But four days in the prairie, and nothin' to eat. Well, it may be so. But stranger, if I had had this bit of tobacco only ten days ago—A bit of tobacco is worth a deal sometimes. It might have saved a man's life."

"Again he groaned, and his accents became wild and unnatural. "I say stranger!" cried he in a threatening tone. "I say I d'ye see yonder live oak! D'ye see it? It's the Patriarch, and a finer and mightier one you won't find in the prairie, I reckon. D'ye see it?"

"I do see it."

"Ah! you see it," cried he fiercely. "And what is it to you? What have you to do with the Patriarch, or with what lies under it? I reckon you had best not be too curious that way. If you dare take a step under that tree, I'll swear an oath too horrible to be repeated. There's a spectre there, I swear, that would frighten you to death. Better keep away."

"I will keep away," replied I. "I never thought of going near it. All I want is to get to the nearest plantation or inn."

"Ah! true man—the next inn. I'll show you the way to it. I will."

"You will save my life by so doing," said I, "and I shall be ever grateful to you as my deliverer."

"Deliverer!" repeated he with a wild laugh. "Poo! If you knew what sort of a deliverer—Poo! what's the use of savin' a life, when—yet I will—I will save yours; perhaps the cursed spectre will leave me then. Will you not? Will you not? cried he, suddenly changing his scornful mocking tones to those of entreaty and supplication, and turning his face in the direction of the live oak. Again his wildness of manner returned, and his eyes became fixed, as he gazed for some moments at the gigantic tree. Then darting away, he disappeared among the trees, whence he fetched his rifle, and presently emerged again, leading a ready saddled horse with him. He called to me to mount mine, but seeing that I was unable even to rise from the ground, he stepped up to me, and with the greatest ease lifted me into the saddle with one hand, so light had I become during my long fast. Then taking the end of my lasso, he got upon his own horse and set off leading my mustang after him.

We rode on for some time without exchanging a word. My guide set up a sort of muttered soliloquy; but as I was full ten paces in his rear, I could distinguish nothing of what he said. At times he would raise his rifle to his shoulder, then lower it again, and speak to it sometimes carelessly, sometimes in anger. More than once he

turned his head, and cast keen searching glances at me, as though to see whether I were watching him or not.

We had ridden more than an hour, and the strength which the whiskey had given me was fast falling, so that I expected each moment to fall from my horse, when suddenly I caught sight of a kind of rude hedge, and almost immediately afterwards the wall of a small block house became visible. A faint cry of joy escaped me, and I endeavored but in vain to give my horse the spur. My guide turned round, fixed his wild eyes upon me, and spoke in a threatening tone.

"You are impatient, man! impatient, I see. You think now, perhaps—"

"I am dying was all that I could utter. In fact my senses were leaving me from exhaustion, and I really thought my last hour was come. "Poo! dyin'! One don't die so easy. And yet—d—n!—it might be true."

He sprang off his horse, and was just in time to catch me in his arms as I fell from the saddle. A few drops of whiskey, however, restored me to consciousness. My guide replaced me upon my mustang, and after passing through a potatoe ground, a field of Indian corn, and a small grove of peach-trees, we found ourselves at the door of the block-house.

I was so utterly helpless, that my strange companion was obliged to lift me off my horse, and carry me into the dwelling. He sat me down upon a bench, passive and powerless as an infant. Strange to say, however, I was never better able to observe all that passed around me, than during the few hours of bodily debility that succeeded my emersion in the Jacinto. A blow with a reed would have knocked me off my seat, but my mental faculties, instead of participating in this weakness, seemed sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness.

The blockhouse in which we now were, was of the poorest possible description; a mere log hut, consisting of one room, that served as kitchen, sitting-room and bed-chamber. The door of rough planks swung heavily upon two hooks that fitted into iron rings, and formed a clumsy substitute for hinges; a wooden latch and heavy bar served to secure it; windows, properly speaking, there were none, but in their stead a few holes covered with dirty oiled paper; the floor was of clay stamped hard and dry in the middle of the hut, but out of which, at the sides of the room, a crop of rank grass was growing a foot or more high. In one corner stood a clumsy bedstead, in another a sort of table or counter, on which were half a dozen drinking glasses of various sizes and patterns. The table consisted of four thick posts, firmly planted in the ground, and on which were nailed three boards that had apparently belonged to some chest or case, for they were partly painted, and there was a date, and the three first letters of a word upon one of them. A shelf fixed against the side of the hut supported an earthen pot or two, and three or four bottles, uncorked, and apparently empty; and from some wooden pegs wedged in between the logs, hung suspended a few articles of wearing apparel of no very cleanly aspect.

Pacing up and down the hut with a kind of stealthy cat-like pace, was an individual, whose unprepossessing exterior was in good keeping with the wretched appearance of this Texan shanty. He was an undersized, stooping figure, red-haired, large mouthed, and possessed of small, reddish, pig's eyes, which he seemed totally unable to raise from the ground, and the lowering, hang-dog expression of which, corresponded fully with the treacherous, panther-like stealthiness of his step and movements. Without greeting us either by word or look, this personage dived into a dark corner of his tenement, brought out a full bottle, and placing it on the table beside the glasses, resumed the monotonous sort of exercise in which he had been indulging on our entrance.

My guide and deliverer said nothing while the tavern-keeper was getting out the bottle, although he seemed to watch all his movements with a keen and suspicious eye. He now filled a large glass of spirits, and tossed it off at a single draught! When he had done this, he spoke for the first time.

"Johnny!" Johnny made no answer.

"This gentleman has eaten nothing for four days."

"Indeed!" replied Johnny, without looking up, or intermitting his sneaking, restless walk from one corner of the room to the other.

"I said four days, d'ye hear? Four days. Bring him ten immediately, strong tea; and then make some good beef soup. The tea must be ready directly, the soup in an hour at the latest; d'ye understand? And then I want some whiskey for myself, and a beef-steak and potatoes. Now tell all that to your Sambo."

Johnny did not seem to hear, but continued his walk creeping along with noiseless step, and each time that he turned, giving a sort of spring like a cat or panther.

"I've money, Johnny," said my guide.

"Money, man d'ye hear? And so saying, he produced a tolerably full purse.

For the first time Johnny raised his head, gave an indefinite sort of glance at the purse, and then springing forward, fixed his small cunning eyes upon those of my guide, while a smile of strange meaning spread over his repulsive features.

The two men stood for a space of a minute, staring at each other, without uttering a word. An infernal grin distended Johnny's coarse mouth from ear to ear. My guide seemed to grasp for breath.

"I've money," cried he at last, striking the butt of his rifle violently on the ground. "D'ye understand, Johnny? Money; and a rifle too, if needs be."

He stepped to the table and filled another glass of raw spirits, which disappeared like the preceding one. While he drank, Johnny stole out of the room so softly, that my companion was only made aware of his departure by the noise of the wooden latch. He then came up to me, took me in his arms without saying a word, and carrying me to the bed, laid me gently down upon it.

'You make yourself at home,' snarled Johnny, who had just then come in again.

'Always do that I reckon, when I'm in a tavern,' answered my guide, quietly pouring out and swallowing another glassful. 'The gentleman shall have your bed to-day. You and Sambo may sleep in the pigsty. You have none though I believe?'

'Bob!' screamed Johnny, furiously.

'That's my name—Bob Rock.'

'For the present, hissed Johnny with a sneer.

'The same as yours is Johnny down,' replied Bob, in the same tone. 'Pooh! Johnny, guess we know one another!'

'Bayther calculate we do,' replied Johnny through his teeth.

'And have done many a day,' laughed Bob.

'You're the famous Bob from Sodoma, in Georgia.'

'Sodoma in Alabama, Johnny, Sodoma lies in Alabama,' said Bob filling another glass. 'Don't you know that yet, you who were above a year in Columbus, doin' all sorts of dirty work?'

'Better hold your tongue, Bob,' said Johnny, with a dangerous look at me.

'Pooh! don't mind him; he won't talk, I'll answer for it. He's lost the taste for chattering in the Jacinto prairie. But Sodoma,' continued Bob, in Alabama, man! Columbus in Georgia! They are parted by the Chatahoochie. Ah! that was a jolly life we led on the Chatahoochie. But nothin' lasts in this world as my old schoolmaster used to say. Pooh! They've druv the Indians a step further over the Mississippi now. But it was a glorious life—wasn't it?'

Again he filled his glass and drank.

The information I gathered from this conversation, as to the previous life and habits of these two men, had nothing in it very satisfactory or reassuring for me. In the whole of the southwestern states there was no place that could boast of being the resort of so many outlaws and bad characters as the town of Sodoma. It is situated, or was situated, at least, a few years previously to the time I speak of, in Alabama, on Indian ground and was the harbour of refuge for all the murderers and outcasts from the western and south-western parts of the Union. Here, under Indian government, they found shelter and security; and, frightful were the crimes and cruelties perpetrated at this place. Scarcely a day passed without an assassination, not secretly committed, but in broad sun light. Bands of these wretches, armed with knives and rifles, used to cross the Chatahoochie, and make inroads into Columbus; break into houses, rob, murder, ill-treat women, and then return in triumph to their dens, laden with booty, and laughing at the laws. It was useless to think of pursuing them, or of obtaining justice, for they were on Indian territory; and many of the chiefs were in league with them. At length General Jackson and the government took up the Indians were driven over the Mississippi, the outlaws and murderers fled, Sodoma itself disappeared; and, released from its troublesome neighbors, Columbus is now as flourishing a town as any in the west.

The recollections of their former life and exploits seemed highly interesting to the two comrades; and their communications became more confidential. Johnny filled himself a glass, and the conversation soon increased in animation. I could understand little of what they said, for they spoke a sort of thieves' jargon. After a time, their voices sounded as a confused hum in my ears, the objects in the room became gradually less distinct, and I fell asleep.

I was roused, not very gently, by a mulatto woman who poured a spoonful of tea into my mouth before I had well opened my eyes. She at first did not appear to be attending to me with any great degree of good-will; but by the time she had given me half a dozed spoonful, her womanly sympathy began to be awakened, and her manner became kinder. The tea did me an infinite deal of good, and seemed to infuse new life into my veins. I finished the cup, and the mulatto laid me down again on my pillow with far more gentleness than she had lifted me up.

'Gor! Gor!' cried she, 'what poor young man! Berry weak. Him better soon. One hour massa, good soup.'

'Soup! What do you want with soup?' grumbled Johnny.

'Him take soup. I cook it,' screamed the woman.

'Worse for you if she don't, Johnny, said Bob. Johnny muttered something in reply, but I did not distinguish what it was, for my eyes closed, and I again fell asleep.

It seemed to me as if I had been five minutes slumbering, when the mulatto returned with the soup. The tea had revived me, but this gave me strength; and when I had taken it, I was able to sit up in bed.

While the woman was feeding me, Bob was eating his beefsteak. It was a piece of meat that might have sufficed for six persons, but the man seemed as hungry as if he had eaten nothing for three days. He cut off wedges half as big as his fist, swallowed them with ravenous eagerness, and, instead of bread, bit into some unpeeled potatoes. All this was washed down with glass after glass of raw spirits, which had the effect of awakening him up, and infusing a certain degree of cheerfulness into his strange humor. He still spoke more to himself than to Johnny, but his remarks seemed agreeable; he nodded self approvingly, and sometimes laughed aloud. At last he began to abuse Johnny for being, as he said, such a sneaking, cowardly fellow—such a treacherous, false-hearted galloway bird.

'It's true,' said he, 'I am galloway-bird enough myself, but then I'm open, and no man can say I'm a-feard; but Johnny who—'

I do not know what he was about to say, for Johnny sprung towards him, and placed both hands over his mouth, receiving in return a blow that knocked him as far as the door, through which he retreated, cursing and grumbling.

I soon fell asleep again, and whilst in that state I had a confused sort of consciousness of various noises in the room, loud words, blows, and shouting. Wearied as I was however, I believe no noise would have fully roused me although I had been at last did.

When I opened my eyes I saw the mulatto woman sitting by my bed, and keeping of the soup, and promised, if I would sleep a couple of hours more, to bring me a beefsteak. Before the two hours had elapsed I awoke hungrier than ever. After I had eaten all the beefsteak the woman would allow me, which was a very moderate quantity, she brought me a beer-glass full of the most delicious punch I ever tasted. I asked her where she got the rum and lemons, and she told me that it was she who had bought them, as well as the stock of coffee and tea; that Johnny was her partner, but that he had done nothing but build the house, and badly built it was. She then began to abuse Johnny, and said he was a gambler; and, worse still, that he had had plenty of money once, but had lost it all; that she had first known him in Lower Natchez, but he had been obliged to run away from there in the night to save his neck.

Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary, and here she made a jesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

'In God's name man, what do you want?'

'He made no answer.

'You are in a fever. You're the ague!'

'Ay, a fever,' groaned he, shivering as he spoke; a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having.'

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

Curious that, continued he, I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him. His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

'Stranger, you must do me a service, said he abruptly.

Ten rather than one, replied I; anything that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?'

'You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian—You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde.

To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?'

You'll see and hear when you get there, I've something to tell him, something for his own ear. He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him. Something, whispered he, that nobody else must hear.

You no take him 'way, Massa Bob? screamed she. Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able for ride—not able for stand on him foot.

'This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and strangling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, Silence! roared he, and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned, beast you!'

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilette was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny, bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary, and here she made a jesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

'In God's name man, what do you want?'

'He made no answer.

'You are in a fever. You're the ague!'

'Ay, a fever,' groaned he, shivering as he spoke; a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having.'

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

Curious that, continued he, I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him. His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

'Stranger, you must do me a service, said he abruptly.

Ten rather than one, replied I; anything that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?'

'You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian—You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde.

To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?'

You'll see and hear when you get there, I've something to tell him, something for his own ear. He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him. Something, whispered he, that nobody else must hear.

But there's Johnny there. Why not take him?'

Johnny! cried he with a scornful laugh;—Johnny! who's ten times worse than I am, bad as I be; and bad I am to be sure, but yet open and above board, always tell the time; but Johnny! he'd sell his own mother. He's a cowardly, sneaking, treacherous hound, is Johnny.

It was unnecessary to tell me this, for Johnny's character was written plainly enough upon his countenance.

But why do you want me to go to the Alcalde?'

Why does one want people before the judge? He's a judge, man; a Mexican one certainly, but chosen by us Americans; and an American himself, as you and I are.

And how soon must I go?'

Directly. I can't bear it any longer. It leaves me no peace. Not an hour's rest have I had for the last eight days. When I go out into the prairie, the spectre stands before me and beckons me on; and if I try to go another way, he comes behind me and drives me before him under the Patriarch. I see him just as plainly as when he was alive, only paler and sadder. It seems as if I could touch him with my hand. Even the bottle is no use now: neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy, nor me of me; it don't by the name. Curious that! I got drunk yesterday—thought to get rid of him; but he came in the night and drove me out. I was obliged to go. Wouldn't let me sleep; was forced to go under the Patriarch.

Under the patriarch? the live oak? cried I, in astonishment. Were you there in the night?'

Ay, that was I, replied he, in the same horribly confidential tone; and the spirit threatened me, and said I will leave you no peace, Bob, till you go to the Alcalde and tell him.

Then I will go with you to the Alcalde, and that immediately, said I, raising myself up in bed. I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my very soul.

Where are you going? croaked Johnny, who at this moment glided into the room. Not a step shall you stir till you've paid.

Johnny, said Bob, seizing his less powerful companion by the shoulders, lifting him up like a child, and then setting him down with such force, that his knees cracked and bent under him. Johnny, this gentleman is my guest, d'ye understand? and here is the reconin', and mind yourself Johnny—mind yourself, that's all.

Johnny crept into a corner like a flogged hound; the mulatto woman, however, did not seem disposed to be so easily intimidated. Sticking her arms in her sides, she waddled boldly forward.

You no take him 'way, Massa Bob? screamed she. Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able for ride—not able for stand on him foot.

'This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and strangling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, Silence! roared he, and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned, beast you!'

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilette was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny, bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary, and here she made a jesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

'In God's name man, what do you want?'

'He made no answer.

'You are in a fever. You're the ague!'

'Ay, a fever,' groaned he, shivering as he spoke; a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having.'

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

Curious that, continued he, I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him. His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

'Stranger, you must do me a service, said he abruptly.

Ten rather than one, replied I; anything that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?'

'You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian—You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde.

To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?'

You'll see and hear when you get there, I've something to tell him, something for his own ear. He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him. Something, whispered he, that nobody else must hear.

But there's Johnny there. Why not take him?'

Johnny! cried he with a scornful laugh;—Johnny! who's ten times worse than I am, bad as I be; and bad I am to be sure, but yet open and above board, always tell the time; but Johnny! he'd sell his own mother. He's a cowardly, sneaking, treacherous hound, is Johnny.

It was unnecessary to tell me this, for Johnny's character was written plainly enough upon his countenance.

But why do you want me to go to the Alcalde?'

Why does one want people before the judge? He's a judge, man; a Mexican one certainly, but chosen by us Americans; and an American himself, as you and I are.

And how soon must I go?'

Directly. I can't bear it any longer. It leaves me no peace. Not an hour's rest have I had for the last eight days. When I go out into the prairie, the spectre stands before me and beckons me on; and if I try to go another way, he comes behind me and drives me before him under the Patriarch. I see him just as plainly as when he was alive, only paler and sadder. It seems as if I could touch him with my hand. Even the bottle is no use now: neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy, nor me of me; it don't by the name. Curious that! I got drunk yesterday—thought to get rid of him; but he came in the night and drove me out. I was obliged to go. Wouldn't let me sleep; was forced to go under the Patriarch.

Under the patriarch? the live oak? cried I, in astonishment. Were you there in the night?'

Ay, that was I, replied he, in the same horribly confidential tone; and the spirit threatened me, and said I will leave you no peace, Bob, till you go to the Alcalde and tell him.

Then I will go with you to the Alcalde, and that immediately, said I, raising myself up in bed. I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my very soul.

Where are you going? croaked Johnny, who at this moment glided into the room. Not a step shall you stir till you've paid.

Johnny, said Bob, seizing his less powerful companion by the shoulders, lifting him up like a child, and then setting him down with such force, that his knees cracked and bent under him. Johnny, this gentleman is my guest, d'ye understand? and here is the reconin', and mind yourself Johnny—mind yourself, that's all.

Johnny crept into a corner like a flogged hound; the mulatto woman, however, did not seem disposed to be so easily intimidated. Sticking her arms in her sides, she waddled boldly forward.

You no take him 'way, Massa Bob? screamed she. Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able for ride—not able for stand on him foot.

'This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and strangling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, Silence! roared he, and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned, beast you!'

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilette was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny, bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary, and here she made a jesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

'In God's name man, what do you want?'

'He made no answer.

'You are in a fever. You're the ague!'

'Ay, a fever,' groaned he, shivering as he spoke; a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having.'

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

Curious that, continued he, I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him. His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

Col. Benton, in a speech upon the Texas question, pronounced upon the 10th of June, said:—

'Peace separation are the interests of Mexico as well as of Texas; and of that, Santa Anna has been convinced since the day of his captivity.'

In an article in the Washington Globe of April 15, we find the following:—

'Although, at the time that President Santa Anna was here, he could hold out no prospect of obtaining immediately the consent of his nation to the independence of Texas, yet he told General Jackson that he was himself convinced that Texas "was but a broken wing to Mexico," that it would be a mere incumbrance and hindrance until looped off. He added, however, that the circumstances under which he returned to his country, and the temper of the public mind there, would render him unable to press his opinion successfully. Eight years experience has verified the forecast of Santa Anna. Texas has been, ever since an oppressive burden to Mexico.'

Is it not very singular that, under these circumstances, any Statesman should fear a war with Mexico, especially as Texas was long ago considered only a "broken wing" of that country? Mexico has just the same right to Texas, and can claim it with precisely the same color of justice now, that Great Britain could have claimed the United States after the Revolution. Suppose the U. States, at that time, had accepted a treaty annexing them to France, would Great Britain have been consulted in the matter? By no means. Her assent or dissent would not have weighed a straw. The U. States could then as now dispose of themselves, body and soul, in any manner they saw fit, in spite of Great Britain. Texas can do the same in spite of Mexico. Therefore the talk about War with Mexico is all moonshine. She may gripe her teeth and that's all.

Sketches of Texas.—The sketches of Adventures in Texas which we commenced publishing in the number preceding this, are well worthy a perusal. They give a highly wrought and flattering account of the territory. But flattery as it is, and extravagant as it appears to be, it does not pass the bounds of truth and observation. We have seen persons who have friends in Texas who give a similar account of the country. The country, therefore, must be rich, fertile and delightful, possessing the elements of great Commercial, Agricultural and Manufacturing wealth. No territory on the Globe, of the same extent, is capable of sustaining a greater amount of population.

These sketches we shall continue to publish, as we think our readers cannot fail to be entertained with the early narrative of country about which so much is being said and done. The last of these sketches will give an account of the capture of Santa Anna and the battle of San Jacinto which secured the independence of Texas.

M. M. Noah.—The Whigs are quoting the sayings of this "Harrison and Tyler too" Democrat, as a renegade from the Democratic ranks. Noah, like most of the Whigs, is out against Texas and Polk; but in favor of Van Buren and Clay. That he should be in favor of Clay and against Texas, is what we should expect, especially, as he is not and believes with those with whom he has acted these twenty years. But that he should like Van Buren, who is now and ever has been one of the most distinguished Democrats, is very strange. This new born love of the Whigs for Van Buren looks more and more hypocritical. It is too despicable for the lowest of the low who flock around the "Pison Ticket." The pretence that Noah has recently belonged to the Democratic ranks is entirely false.

At the Caucus held at the Town House in this Town on Saturday last for the selection of four Delegates to attend the County Convention, the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen, viz:—

America Thayer, Hiram Hubbard, America Hobbs and Rufus Stowell.

They were instructed by the Democrats present to vote in Convention for the nomination of Wm. Frye, Stephen H. Chase, and Silas Barnard, as Senators for this District.

A Town Committee was chosen, consisting of Messrs. J. G. Cole, V. D. Parry, and Hiram Hubbard.

The Caucus was well attended, though not so fully as desirable. Our friends do not sufficiently appreciate the value of these primary meetings. If the people themselves desire to have a voice in the selection of their officers and rulers, the Caucus is the only place where they can directly make their voice known, heard and respected. We hope our Democratic friends in this County will wake up to a full sense of their duty attending these meetings, and the necessity of a more thorough and efficient organization.

Mexico.—The last news from Mexico is that the Government, at the head of which is Santa Anna, will look upon the confirmation of the Treaty for the Annexation of Texas as a declaration of War. This is distressing. Let Mexico, for this reason, declare war against the U. States, if she dare. It would be an unreasonable and unjust in the sight of humanity as the predatory incursions and numerous murders which she has committed on the defenceless borders of Texas, but we suppose it would not be carried on with the same impunity. Should she persist in this course disastrous consequences will be the result.

Brutal Murder.—The Bangor Courier speaks of a rumor in that City which, if it contain any truth, ought to brand the authors and abettors of such a project with infamy and disgrace. The rumor is that several persons in the City, in connection with others living in Hermon, Orono and Brewer, were contemplating a row with the Irish on the 4th, and then proceed to demolish their Church and dwellings and drive them from the city. Such an object is only worthy of demons—men abandoned to vice and foes to the human species. The citizens of Bangor will be ready to seize the man who strikes the first blow in execution of so villainous an enterprise. The Courier remarks that "should such an attempt be made, the citizens at once on mass, would resolve themselves into a special police, to keep right to day as the emergency may require."

We hope no city in the North will disgrace itself by such unworthy conduct. The odium we already bear in consequence of the riots in Philadelphia is full enough, without partaking in the infamy of a similar outrage.

Fire in Ann Street, Boston.—A great fire consuming a number of dwelling houses and stores took place on Thursday week in Ann St. Eight Irish families lost their homes and nearly all they possessed. Two other individuals suffered by loss of a large amount of provisions and furniture.

A fire in a large block of buildings, consisting of dwelling houses, Cabinet Shops, &c., was entirely consumed. Loss about \$90,000.

Fire in Gorham.—The House, Barn and Carpet Factory of Robert Lowrey, Esq., of Gorham, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday week. Loss about \$2,000.

Some Whigs are determined to support Clay for the sake of Fremington, on the same principle that certain boys formerly drank the rum left in a glass by the toper for the sake of the figure. This is truly supporting a great amount of vice for a little virtue.

The Editor of the Kennebec Journal on the morning of the Great Whig Convention, says he could not help exclaiming: "The State is safe!" We should say safe against Clay and all his wicked measures.

Fire in Ann Street, Boston.—A great fire consuming a number of dwelling houses and stores took place on Thursday week in Ann St. Eight Irish families lost their homes and nearly all they possessed. Two other individuals suffered by loss of a large amount of provisions and furniture.

A fire in a large block of buildings, consisting of dwelling houses, Cabinet Shops, &c., was entirely consumed. Loss about \$90,000.

Fire in Gorham.—The House, Barn and Carpet Factory of Robert Lowrey, Esq., of Gorham, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday week. Loss about \$2,000.

Some Whigs are determined to support Clay for the sake of Fremington, on the same principle that certain boys formerly drank the rum left in a glass by the toper for the sake of the figure. This is truly supporting a great amount of vice for a little virtue.

The Editor of the Kennebec Journal on the morning of the Great Whig Convention, says he could not help exclaiming: "The State is safe!" We should say safe against Clay and all his wicked measures.

"Go home God damn you where you belong," Henry Clay.

This was the language used by Henry Clay to James K. Polk, while Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, when he gave the casting vote on the Mississippi Election question.

The Whig papers have denied that H. Clay used this language imputing it to Clement C. Clay who was then a member of the Democratic Party, and approved of Mr. Polk's vote on the Mississippi question.

C. C. Clay has recently requested one of the Whig papers to retract the charge of his ever using such language; denying that he ever used such an offensive, indecorous, and profane expression and that he was not in the house at the time.

We intend to keep this language in type and Henry Clay's name under it as its author until the Whig papers will do the justice to C. C. Clay to retract the false charge they have made against him. No Whig paper does deny directly that H. Clay used this indecorous language, but in order to get rid of the odium which attaches to such a barefaced and profane charge they attempt to fasten the disgrace of it upon another man. But they shall not succeed. They shall retract the false charge or bear the reproach which is due such conduct.

Not one of the Whig papers in this State has yet denied the false charge made against Mr. Polk that he was a duelist.

The Candidates of the Democratic Party are as much better than those of the Whigs, as virtue is better than vice; and as much higher as heaven is above earth and they know it. This it is, that has recently frightened them more than common from their consistency and justice. Guess they'll come to their senses in November if not sooner.

Ex-Deputy Sheriff Kent writes an address to the citizens of Hallowell on the 4th. The great National festival is to be celebrated at that place in an imposing manner.

Many of the friends of Henry Clay are objecting to Mr. Dallas, because, as they allege, he once voted for a national bank, and that he was at the time, and is now, a friend of such an institution. Now, if it is a fact that Mr. Dallas is a friend to a bank, it is a strong reason why the Whigs should give him their support. A national bank is one of the cardinal measures of the Whigs, and they should at once cease their abuse of Mr. Dallas for his advocacy of their darling scheme.

But we tell our readers that there is not a more sincere opponent of a United States Bank in the country than George M. Dallas. It is true he once voted for a bank, but he did so in compliance with the express instructions of the Legislature of his State, Mr. Dallas is a Democrat, and feels himself bound to obey the instructions of his constituents. He is a different man from Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay was instructed by the Legislature of his State, in 1821, to vote for General Jackson for the Presidency; he disobeyed, and the coalition between Adams and Clay was formed, and Clay made Secretary of State. He disobeyed again in 1842, the almost unanimous instructions of his State Legislature, by refusing to vote for the repeal of the Bankrupt law.

Mr. Dallas represented Pennsylvania in the Senate in 1832 and 1833. During this time, the bill to extend the charter of the bank came before Congress, and Mr. Dallas complied with his instructions. But that the Democracy of the United States may become acquainted with the opinions of Mr. Dallas, we make the following extracts from a letter of his, to a Democratic committee of Smithfield, Pennsylvania, dated June 7, 1836, in which he refers to the bill extending the charter, and sustains the veto of Gen. Jackson.

"The bill passed both Houses of Congress, but met from the Roman tribune who filled the Executive office, in whose elevation I had taken an active part, and from the great current of whose policy and spirit the Democracy of America expected the wonders of renovation and reform he has since achieved, a signal and overwhelming veto."

"From the moment of the veto, the enraged board heretofore discreet and plausible, tore off the mask, stripped itself rapidly of all disguise, and, under the flimsy pretext of being first assailed, entered at a bound and with a bluster into the arena of political warfare. The Chief Magistrate of the Union became the mark of its contumacious and vindictive thrusts. Bank meetings were convened to exasperate party. Banners manifesting equally arrogant and inflammatory, were issued. Legislation was to be overruled, the citizens intimidated, the elective franchise depreciated or controlled, the country revolutionized! This was a process of retractor which seemed to prestitute the powers and to defeat the purpose, of the corporations. It involved practices and pretensions utterly irreconcilable with what were well known to me to have been the pure objects and Democratic principles of its founders. It gave reality at once to the vivid pictures drawn in Congress, of the ambitious tendencies and dangerous influences of such a moneyed agent."

"It threw me irretrievably back upon the pledge which, as a republican Senator, I had openly given in that high sphere of representation duty; AND I WITNESSED AND SHARED WITH PRIDE the manly VIGOROUS, AND TRIUMPHANT RESISTANCE, by which its usurpations were ESTABLISHED AND FINALLY PROSTRATED."

"But uncompromising hostility to any bank which shall start from its prescribed path and strict subordination, shall venture to mingle in politics, and shall, covertly or boldly, formally or informally, gather, exasperate or lead party for the attainment of its ends, is in my estimation, an imperative obligation upon those who desire to perpetuate the virtue and freedom which characterize our social and political system."

"THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA CAN NEVER AGAIN INCUR THE RISK OF A NATIONAL BANK."

"Providence, among its numerous merciful dispensations, ordained this struggle to occur, while yet enough of primitive Democracy and revolutionary energy remained to secure its issue; at a time when the watch-tower was tenanted by one whose lofty patriotism attracted unbounded confidence, while, from his stern presence and indelible purpose, the efforts of intimidation, clamor, or blandishment, would be defeated and unavailing."

Any man who will read these extracts, and then say that Mr. Dallas was an advocate of the late bank or, indeed, any bank, would say any thing, and would not hesitate to rob his neighbor's hen-roost. The recent letter, published in our paper yesterday, shows that Mr. Dallas is still opposed to a bank. With Polk and Dallas, both uncompromising opponents of a national bank, we enter the contest; and the result will be a victory over our Federal opponents that will settle the question of a bank, we hope, forever.

PLEADING!

The late Federal State Convention in Massachusetts passed a resolution against the admission of Texas at any time, or under any circumstances. A few ultra federal politicians and presses elsewhere, and among them, the old Portland Gazette, take the same ground.

As a general thing, however, the federalists squint dodge and prevaricate. They know that the annexation is popular, and that thousands of the Whigs are in favor of it. They know that opposition to the Louisiana purchase killed their party forty years ago, and they fear similar results from the Texas question now.

The Kennebec Journal, in this town, is one of these awful dodgers. It has not yet dared to commit such an outrage upon public sentiment, as to oppose the annexation of Texas, openly and fairly. It declares in favor of it, upon conditions. What these conditions are, it only hints at, but does not explain.—Age.

PLEADING!

The late Federal State Convention in Massachusetts passed a resolution against the admission of Texas at any time, or under any circumstances. A few ultra federal politicians and presses elsewhere, and among them, the old Portland Gazette, take the same ground.

As a general thing, however, the federalists squint dodge and prevaricate. They know that the annexation is popular, and that thousands of the Whigs are in favor of it. They know that opposition to the Louisiana purchase killed their party forty years ago, and they fear similar results from the Texas question now.

The Kennebec Journal, in this town, is one of these awful dodgers. It has not yet dared to commit such an outrage upon public sentiment, as to oppose the annexation of Texas, openly and fairly. It declares in favor of it, upon conditions. What these conditions are, it only hints at, but does not explain.—Age.

PLEADING!

The late Federal State Convention in Massachusetts passed a resolution against the admission of Texas at any time, or under any circumstances. A few ultra federal politicians and presses elsewhere, and among them, the old Portland Gazette, take the same ground.

As a general thing, however, the federalists squint dodge and

